

## Controlled Nightmare

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## Controlled Nightmare

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

An apocalypse is not something George thought he would go through in his lifetime. He thought he would get to grow old, get married and have children, but instead he's stuck in a world where he's scavenging for food and water. He can't keep his back turned for too long or he'll get snuck up on. Nothing is promised in a wasteland of what once were bustling towns expect for pain and death.

### Notes

Read tags!

There is major character death, violence, and a lot of hurt. It's not really graphic, but it's enough that it's explicit.

I don't normally write heavy angst, if you can even call this that honestly. I feel like it's baby tier compared to a lot of things other people write lol.

Also, it may be a little confusing at first with all my jumping around, but you should be able to understand it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George is panting, running as fast as he can through the deserted street. He can't hear anything but

the wind flying by his ears. His legs feel like they're going to give out any minute, but he knows he can't stop running.

There's no one around, not even a sign of life aside from the abandoned houses. It's dark, the moon just past halfway in the sky. The stars are bright, there are no clouds in the sky, and even without working street lamps he could see just fine.

He's been running forever, he doesn't know where he came from, and he has no clue where he should go. He wishes he didn't have to leave his bike behind, but he couldn't find anything to pump air into his front bike tire.

There's a faint buzzing of cicadas, and an even fainter sound of water running.

Water.

Water, God, he needs water. He's so thirsty. He can't remember the last time he had more than a sip of water.

George, with a newfound vigor in his step at the chance of water, sprints faster, even against the scream of his legs. He's pretty sure he's getting closer, it's getting louder, but he can't see any rivers yet.

Sparing a glance behind him, George was relieved to see nothing was following him anymore. He slows down a bit, but won't stop. Last time he thought there was nothing he was proven very wrong.

That's when he spots it, up ahead and to the right, a small waterfall with a flowing river. He thanks the Gods above and picks up his pace once more.

He almost slides into the water as he falls to his knees, cupping the fresh running water in his hands and raising it to his mouth. He drinks like he's never had water in his life, but he doesn't care if he looks like a fool--he's got fricken water now. He really should have boiled the water first, he knows, but he couldn't stop himself.

He splashes some up in his face, cooling himself off. He tugs his side bag from his shoulder, rummaging in it before pulling out two old, crinkled water bottles. He drops them in, filling both with the water. After stuffing them back into his bag, he crosses the river over some rocks, turning to stare at the other side of the town as he walks backwards. He was trying to see if he could spot anything. With a tired yet slightly relieved sigh, he turns back around, hoping he had been left alone.

He sets back off, the town's buildings dwindling as he reaches the edge. He spots a thick woods to his right, but the road goes left, giving a promise to somewhere new. George has to reason with himself. As much more likely as he would be to find someone else by following the road, the woods were much easier to hide in. And right now, his main focus is to hide and sleep. So he trudges to the right, walking through the beginning of the woods.

It's pretty quiet except for some bugs bussing around and making their noises. George wished he could be a bug right now. It seemed much more peaceful than this.

He stumbled across a path, and after following it for only a few steps, he changes his mind and goes in a different direction. Again, he wanted to be hidden for the night.

With a yawn, George decided he needed to sleep now. He scouts around for a big enough tree before climbing it and settling on a long, wide branch. He's become a light sleeper, and he's also

forced his body to learn not to try and roll over when he sleeps. He's almost fallen out so many times, and has fallen out twice.

George was out the second he closes his eyes. He sleeps for about four hours before waking up, the sun was starting to peak over the horizon. He sits and watches for a minute, wishing for his world to go back to normal.

Normal.

He can't even be that sad about it anymore, he doesn't really have the time to.

A few weeks ago, if you told George he'd be running for his life every day, he would've laughed and called you weird.

God, was it really only a few weeks ago?

"-the immediate implications of this are to only speak within your group of family and friends. Strangers are to be perceived as a danger, and you need to stay away." The newscaster says, her voice wavering every word.

George had been in Florida at the time, visiting Dream with Sapnap. The three of them stared shocked at the TV. It wasn't some joke people were making up to scare everyone?

Mind control sounded like fiction, and it had been for a long time. But since the early years of science, scientists have been studying the brain and manipulation. There was a way to 'mind control' someone by being manipulative, that was a given, but mind control through hats or electromagnetic waves was sci-fi.

Until it wasn't.

"If I get controlled, I want you to kill me." Sapnap says as the three of them sat around a small fire.

"You can't just say that, Nick," George says, almost flabbergasted, "One, you won't, and two, we'd figure out a way to save you. I'm not killing you."

Dream shrugs slightly, drawing with a stick in the dirt. "There's no getting back from it George. Even if the chip is taken out. You literally saw what happened to that guy after the chip was ripped out. It's like he went insane and killed people anyways."

"So, what, you're just saying that we give up if one of us gets controlled?" George asks matter-of-factly.

"Sort of." Sapnap agrees with Dream, sighing.

George stands up and storms into their tent. He can't believe them, they've already lost hope a week into this mess?

George climbed down from his tree, noting the cool breeze in the air that pushes his hair back some. It's gotten a little too long for his liking, but he hasn't found any scissors to cut it. Every house he's been to has been looted for the good things and trashed with the bad.

He starts walking, his legs burning. You'd think that's something he'd get used to, but he still hasn't.

It's a couple hours to midday when he's met with the woods getting thinner and thinner until he stepped out into an open field. As he's looking over the horizon, he spots smoke.

His heart beats quickly and he's sprinting before he knows it. If it's another person he could finally get some help.

At this point, he thought it was more likely to run into a survivor than a controlled, especially if it was a fire. The controlled don't care about their basic needs, like warmth.

As he rounds over the plain, he sees the cause of the smoke, a slowly burning car. Doesn't look like he'll be finding anyone right now.

With a sigh, he sets on again, following the tracks of what were the car's through the grass.

"Are you really sure you want to be killed if you get controlled?" George asks Sapnap as they lay in the tent, ready for sleep.

"I'd rather die than basically kill a bunch of others." Sap says, snuggling down in his sleeping bag. "Plus, I've heard when you're controlled, you can still see what's happening. Like, you're watching your body do these things that you can't control, and that's horrifying."

"That.. is horrifying." George echos as he stares at the top of the tent.

"Will you guys go to sleep?" Dream says, flipping over so his back was facing them.

The two mumble and then go quiet, going to sleep soon after.

The tracks lead him to a new road, lined with trees, and he takes his time to walk down the side of it. After remembering he has water, he stops, and starts grabbing branches. After having a sufficient amount, he piles them together, and pulls out a match. He lights the fire, and while waiting for it to grow, he sets on finding big enough rocks. He's lucky that there are some around. As he puts them around the small fire, he pulls out a metal cup from his bag. George pours some of the water into it before balancing the cup on the rocks over the fire.

He sits back, watching water. He wishes he could boil more at once, it would save him a lot of time.

After the water boils for a while, George scoots it off the fire and just lets it sit on a rock to cool down. Once it wasn't too hot to drink, he drinks it all. He pours the other half of the water bottle into it, and let's that boil before pouring it back in. Then, he fills the cup up with the other bottle. He pours the clean water into his clean water bottle before putting the rest in the cup. As the last amount of water cools down from boiling, George puts out the fire. He pours the water into his bottle, shoves his things back in his bag, and starts walking down the road again.

George shoots the controlled that was dragging Sapnap back, but the bullet didn't seem to faze it.

Dream was too far away to do anything, he might not have even heard the commotion.

"George!" Sapnap shouts, trying to kick and pry away. He's got tears running down his face as realization sets in. There's no way to get away from the controlled once they've got you. He's met with a sharp pain in his neck, and his eyes go wide. The controlled lets him go, and sprints off in the other direction.

George is up next to his side immediately. He's basically grabbed Sapnap by his head, checking the red, slightly bleeding mark on Sapnap's neck.

Fuck. He got chipped.

His hands are shaking and he doesn't know what to do or what to say.

Sapnap scrambled up and away from George, holding the side of his neck. "George kill me," he says, backing up, afraid he would turn any second.

"Nick I can't--" George starts, tears filling his eyes.

"Kill me you son of a bitch!" He yells at him. George's hands are moving, he's cocking the pistol, and he's aiming, but he can't pull the trigger.

"Fucking shoot me!" Sapnap practically screams. He can't see past his own tears. He doesn't want to die, but it's better than the fate he'd be put to.

George looks away, and forces himself to press the trigger.

He's sobbing before he even heard the shot go off. Why did it come to this, God, why?

George faintly registers running footsteps, and he's crying harder. "I killed him!" He yells, face in his hands, knowing it was Dream running up.

He feels a hand on his shoulder, and then an envelopment into a hug. George was shaking down to his core. He's trembled in his legs and arms before as everyone has, but this was a full body tremble, his insides feeling like they were vibrating.

George hugs tight onto the other, sobbing into his chest. They couldn't even bring themselves to give Sapnap a proper burial. The sight of their best friend bled out in the grass was something they couldn't mentally handle right now.

They end up packing their things that night and heading somewhere else.

George spots some buildings up ahead, and he walks a little faster, hoping to find something useful. The first one he walks by is a home, and by the looks of the outside, he doesn't want to go inside. Instead, he goes to the next house, which seemed fairly less destroyed. As he goes inside, he starts rummaging the cupboards and drawers. The literal best he could get was a spoon.

He heads out of the house, and into a corner store. The shelves were empty except for a very few scattered items. But he spots something very useful in the corner, a backpack. He had been only using a side bag, and he couldn't carry too much in it. George grabs the backpack and puts in some of the strewn about items from the store in it, which included a can of baked beans, a bottle of sparkling water, and a lighter.

As he was about to leave, he spots a pill bottle on the ground. He grabs it, and immediately opens the cap. Tylenol. It's like a blessing. He pops two into his mouth, and pulls out one of his water bottles. He takes a drink with them before leaving the store.

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"George?" Dream says, his voice nervous. They were walking down the edge of a road, looking for a useful building.

"Hm?" He returns, looking at Dream.

Dream shoves his hands into his pockets, looking down. "If you hate me after what I'm about to say I totally understand."

"What do you mean?" George asks, eyebrows furrowing.

"George, I love you."

George stops in his tracks. Dream stops a few feet ahead of him, facing away. "I know it's not an ideal situation, but I couldn't keep it to myself anymore."

"I love you too."

"Wh--What?" Dream says, turning around to face George.

His cheeks go red, and he looks down. "I... Love you too."

Dream pulls George into a hug, and they stand together embraced for a while.

"You've made this nightmare bearable." Dream tells him.

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George spots a black cat across the street. He smiles a bit, glad that innocent animals weren't having to go through this shit too.

He's found himself in front of a clothes store. He goes inside. There were a lot of clothes still there, actually. George scavenges for at least a pair of pants, a shirt, and boxers. After having found some that will suffice, he stuffs them into his backpack.

The rest of the day he finds nothing of use. He finds his way to a park, and as the sun sets, he climbs up a tree, laying back against the trunk while sitting on a large branch. He falls asleep not even thinking about it.

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Nothing changed much now that they had confessed their love for each other. Mostly things stayed the same, just now they held hands, cuddled during the night, and shared kisses when they could.

They weren't in the 'ideal situation', but it better having the other with them.

Their spirits were lifted a bit luckily, and they had just a tad more optimism from the shared love.

Holding Dream's hand is so simple, yet it makes him happy. Not many things can make him happy anymore. But this can.

They never declare themselves boyfriends, both feeling there wasn't much use with the world going to shit. They just kinda did whatever felt right.

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George wakes up to the sound of footsteps. He blinks open his eyes, peering down. Below him, someone walks slowly. George was about to yell for them when he spots the mark on their neck. He takes in a slow, steady breath as he wills the controlled to keep walking away. Had the controlled have super hearing, his heartbeat would've gave him up. Luckily, it keeps walking. George stays in the tree for now. He didn't want to get down too soon and risk alerting the other on accident.

After maybe 10 minutes of waiting, George gets down and carefully walks the opposite way of the controlled.

He wants to say he's not afraid of death anymore---It's basically engraved in his brain that this thing will kill him, whether physically or mentally---but he still is. Very much so.

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George wakes up cold. He blinks open his eyes, and after realizing Dream wasn't in the tent anymore, he gets up. He figures he's out doing something important. He goes out, looking around. When he doesn't see Dream around, he thinks that he might've went back to the stream about half a mile back to get some more water. George decided to stay there to wait for Dream. He passes time by writing in a journal he found earlier. He doesn't really write anything specific, just any thought that passes his head, whether it be about survival or wishing for a cheeseburger.

Within an hour, George was starting to worry. They haven't been apart this long since everything started. But, there's not much he can do but sit and wait.

And sit and wait.

And wait and wait and wait.

He's waited three days before he can't lie to himself anymore. Whatever happened to Dream, he wasn't coming back.

He doesn't feel very sad as he packs his things together. It's kind of like his brain turned his emotions off. Dream had apparently taken the pistol, which was probably one of the most important things he could've had. Along with going without a weapon, he can't carry the tent, it would be too much.

George rips out a page from his journal. On it was his explanation for leaving, had Dream ever come back. It tells him his general plans, in case he ends up alive and looking for him. The letter ends with 'I love you' and an apology. He leaves it in the tent before starting off, walking the way they had planned on going days before.

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George halfway came to terms with the fact that he'll never see Dream again. He had hoped that maybe there would be a miracle, but nothing.

He had cried about it finally, a few times actually. But he couldn't dread on it the rest of his life. Over the past couple weeks, he's hung up papers with his name and where he plans to go next. Once he spray painted it on a road sign, and a few times he's scratched them into tree bark.

He's sure he'll never see him again, but he couldn't bring himself to stop doing it. Speaking of it, he pulls out his journal. He's running low on pages. He writes on it before walking towards the street. He shoves it onto a nail hanging out from a street pole. After that, he continues to walk.

That's all he does anymore, walk and run. He feels like he's walked enough to get some kind of record.

He looks up into the sky, checking the place of the sun. By the looks of it, it was maybe 6pm.

The hair stands up on the back of his neck before he hears it.

"George!"

He turns on his heel so fast he almost loses his balance.

He's got to be imaging things. This isn't possible. He can't actually be there.

"George, George holy fuck." Dream says, running up to him. He pulls George into a tight hug. So tight, George can barely breathe. Or maybe it was the excitement of having Dream there. Tears are filling his eyes.

"I missed you so much, I love you, oh my God." George says. Dream grabs his face, and pulls him into a kiss.

But something is wrong.

George can't kiss back, his gut is turning and his fingers tremble.

Something is very, very wrong.

As Dream pulls away, smiling at George, that's when he spots it.

No.

No.

No.

No.

No.

The red mark on his neck, a telltale sign of a chip.

George's heart sinks. He has to act fast though, he has to get away. He pushes Dream back, if he could even call him Dream at this point, and sprints in the other direction.

Dream stumbles, falling back. "Bitch! Get back here!" He yells, scrambling to get up and run after him.

George ran faster than he thinks he's ever run before, even faster than he has been these past weeks.

He's not only running away from a controlled, he's running away from a controlled Dream. It's literally, not ironically, his worst nightmare.

"Just come back here you piece of shit!" Dream yells, laughing maniacally.

"Go away!" George yells back.

"No way, pretty boy!" Dream grips the chip injector in his pocket, making sure it was still there.

George can barely think. He doesn't know what to do. Dream can outrun him in the long run, he had better endurance even before he was controlled.

"Just come here and accept it!" Dream yells. George doesn't respond, trying to ignore it and continuing to run.

His lungs were burning, he's been running forever now. Dream is still taunting him, not trailing behind too far at all. He's wondering if this is it for him.

Then he spots woods. Yes! If he can just get there he can hide. He's good at hiding.

After running through the woods for a good minute, zigzagging around trees and taking random turns, George lost him.

He has to take a second to breathe, leaning up against a tree. He closes his eyes, trying to catch his breath and regroup his thoughts.

He hears movement, but he was too late to run. Strong hands grab his and pin him to the tree.

"Dream please no, please. Please, you'll be killing me. I don't want to be controlled, Dream please don't-" he rambles, terrified, his breathing picking up to hyperventilating.

Dream doesn't say anything, just puts both of George's wrists into one hand. He pulls out the chip injector from his pocket.

George tries kicking, pulling away, everything, but he's not strong enough. And the other doesn't seem to be fazed by any pain at all.

This really is it.

"Dre--Dream. Dream please. I'm begging you. I'm begging," he sobs, "Please, you know me, you love me. Y-you said you loved me Dream, come on, I love you! Please just snap out of it. Please, please, you love me, please remember. Please don't do this. You're controlled, you're being controlled, just wake up please--"

Dream holds the injector up to George's neck. He stares into his eyes, his green, unwavering ones watching the brown ones flow with tears.

There's a slight pang in his chest, but that's it. He clicks the button, pushing the chip into George's neck. Then, he steps back.

George slides down the tree. He holds his neck, sobbing. This can't be it, this can't be it.

Dream watches without emotion, standing there almost menacingly.

"I love you," George is mumbling over and over.

The last thing he feels is the scariest thing he's ever felt. He could feel himself losing control of his limbs. No more legs, no more torso, no more arms and then---and then he wasn't in control anymore. Instead, the chip in his neck providing instructions on what to do.

Sapnap was right, you can see everything. You can feel everything, but you can't do anything about

it. You're trapped in your own head, watching your body chip innocent people.

The worst part is he can't do anything about it when he starts going crazy. He's trapped, he can't even kill himself to stop his pain. He's forced to watch the nightmare become his own hands.

Which means Dream was there when he had begged for his life. Which means the other had heard him crying and begging, but he was forced to watch his own hands make George into one of the controlled.

## End Notes

I wrote this instead of sleeping. Literally I spent like, a while on this. It's not even that long so idk why it took me like a whole night to write. Please lmk what you think <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!